

TWENTYTHIRD EDITION

# THE OLD ARM CHAIR, *A Ballad,*

The music composed and respectfully dedicated to

HOLTON OLINSTEED, ESQUIRE.



Thayer & Co's edition, 3 plates.

BY

THAYER & CO. 1874

**HENRY RUSSELL.**

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*Henry Russell*



# The Old Arm Chair.

Words by ELIZA COOK.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

*Andante con espressione.*

I love it, I love it, and who shall dare To chide me for loving that

Old Arm Chair, I've treasured it long as a ho - ly prize, I've be -

dew'd it with tears, and em - balm'd it with sighs; 'Tis bound by a thou - sand

bands to my heart, Not a tie will break, not a link will start. Would ye

learn the spell, a mother sat there, And a sa - cred thing is that

Old Arm Chair.

I sat and watch'd her ma - ny a day, When her eyes grew dim, and her

locks were grey, And I almost worshipp'd her when she smil'd, And

turn'd from her bi - ble to bless her child. Years roll'd on but the

last one sped, My i - dol was shatter'd my earth star fled: I



learnt now much the heart can bear, When I saw her die in that

Old Arm Chair.

'Tis past! 'tis past! but I gaze on it now With quiver - ing breath, and

throb - ing brow, 'Twas there she nurs'd me, 'twas there she died; And

mem - ry flows with la - va tide. Say it is folly, and

deem me weak, While the scalding drops start down my cheek; But I

love it, I love it, and can - not tear My *f* soul from a mo - ther's

Old Arm Chair.

